

# MORGANTOWN



# Mirror

A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect.

News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.

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S. SIEGFRIED, Junr., Assistant Editor.

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## ORIGINAL.

COMMUNICATED.

### THE GREAT RED DRAGON.

Mr. Editor:—I rejoice to find in  
looking over the columns of the "Re-  
ligious Herald," that some of our  
Churches are coming up to the help  
of the Lord against the monster, and  
that they are doing it with all the  
moral power of unanimous church  
action.

It rejoiced my heart to have the evi-  
dence before me, that God is not to  
be left without witnesses among Vir-  
ginia Churches, that they repudiate, at  
once and forever, all connection with  
liquor and the liquor-traffic, and that  
upon Bible grounds. God speed the day  
when ALL the churches shall  
stand under a declaration as noble,  
dignified and Christian, as that to  
which this band of brethren have thus  
publicly put their hand and seal.—  
Let every one read it.

From the Religious Herald.

At a church meeting, held at Ho-  
bron meeting-house, on Lord's-day,  
the 20th June, 1852, the following  
preamble and resolutions were unani-  
mously adopted, and ordered to be  
published in the Religious Herald:

WHEREAS, We are enjoined in the  
Holy Scriptures to let our light shine,  
which is doubtless to be understood,  
as referring to every relation of life,  
and in respect especially to every de-  
partment of evil; and whereas the  
question of the Liquor Traffic is now  
agitating our community, and indeed  
many of the States of the Union, we  
therefore in view of our solemn obli-  
gation to Him, who with an holy call-  
ing has called us out of darkness into  
light, do solemnly protest, and

Resolved, That with the Liquor  
Traffic we have no fellowship what-  
ever—that we regard it as one of the  
"unfruitful works of darkness," en-  
dangering by its vitiation and demor-  
alizing effects, the most sacred and  
hallowed bonds of society, and sapping  
the foundations of our beautiful and  
happy institutions, by its stealthy, but  
most effectual corruptions of our peo-  
ple.

Resolved, Also, therefore, that we  
do most sincerely appropriate the ef-  
forts now being made to obtain by  
law, an absolute abatement of this  
public nuisance, and to those efforts  
we give all our influence, and for suc-  
cess, our prayers to Him, the knowl-  
edge of whose glory shall fill the  
earth "as the waters cover the sea."

Signed, WM. R. POWELL, Mod.  
T. T. TOWLES, Clerk.

HUME AND INFIDELITY IN WOMEN.  
It is stated in the Life of Dr. Beattie,  
by Sir W. Forbes, that Mr. Hume was  
one day boasting to Dr. Gregory, that  
among his disciples in Edinburgh he  
had the honor to reckon many of the  
fair sex. "Now tell me," said the  
Doctor, "whether if you had a wife  
or a daughter, you would wish them to  
be your disciples? Think well be-  
fore you answer me; for I assure you  
that whatever your answer is, I will  
not conceal it." Mr. Hume, with a  
smile, and some hesitation, made this  
reply: "No! I believe skepticism may  
be too sturdy a virtue for women."

Baptist Noel's Character of the  
British Church.—Of the 16,000 min-  
isters, about 1,568 do nothing; about  
6,681 limit their thoughts and labors  
to small parishes, which contain from  
150 to 300 souls, while others in cities  
and towns profess to take charge of  
8 or 9,000 souls; and of the 12,553  
working pastors of churches, I fear,  
from various concurrent symptoms,  
that about 10,000 are unconvinced  
men, who neither preach nor know the  
Gospel.

The Marshal of Indianapolis has given  
notice that the ordinances of that city,  
requiring strict observance of the  
Sabbath will be rigidly enforced, so far  
as he is concerned. He gives the bar-  
bers to understand that, hereafter, Sun-  
day shaving will not be tolerated.  
Druggists are required to restrict their  
sales on the Sabbath to articles of neces-  
sity; and keepers of livery stables are  
enjoined not to hire horses or carriages  
for trips of noisy pleasure.

## MORAL & RELIGIOUS.

### SUBLIMITY OF THE BIBLE.

A young gentleman, lately returned  
from finishing his education at Col-  
lege, chanced to fall into the company  
of a number of Christian Ministers,  
whom he thought to astonish by recit-  
ing sublime passages from the poets  
and authors of the day; and among  
other things of this description, he  
quoted with great emphasis and ef-  
fect, the well known lines of Shaks-  
peare:

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve;  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind!"

Having finished the quotation he  
began to pronounce a eulogium upon  
it, boldly affirming that there was no-  
thing to be found equal to it in subli-  
mity and grandeur in either ancient  
or modern literature.

An aged Christian who had atten-  
tively listened to the whole harangue,  
at length interposed, and ventured to  
question the decision, affirming that  
he could produce a passage equally  
sublime. The young man started  
with surprise, instantly challenged the  
point, on which the old gentleman, in  
a grave and solemn tone, responded—  
"And I saw a great white throne, and  
He that sat on it, from whose face the  
Earth and the Heavens fled away;  
and there was found no place for  
them." "Well," said the young man,  
overpowered with astonishment,

"You have indeed made good your  
point—that does infinitely surpass it,  
but pray, allow me to ask, where did  
you meet with it—in which of our  
classical authors does it occur? In  
all my reading, I never met with it."  
"O," said the old Christian, grave-  
ly, "it occurs in a very common ev-  
ery-day book;" and, calling for a Bi-  
ble, he turned to the twentieth chapter  
of the Apocalypse, and laying his finger  
upon verse 11—"There," said he,  
"read for yourself." This completed  
the young gentleman's confusion, he  
declared that he had read the Bible  
over and over again, but he had never  
noticed that verse before; and with  
difficulty could he be brought to be-  
lieve his own eyes!

Unhappily the case of this young  
man was far from being singular.—  
What wonderful things are there in  
the book of God, which we all over-  
look, while our attention is beguiled  
from day to day with the trifles of na-  
ture and with the art of man.

### Working on the Sabbath.

There are a great many people who  
profess to keep the Sabbath, accord-  
ing to the fourth commandment, but  
who, somehow or other, always find  
a multitude of "works of necessity"  
to be attended to. We have seen a  
capital anecdote lately about a family  
of such people, who were pretty ac-  
tively rebuked by a colored man in  
their employ. The family were col-  
ored. One Sabbath morning, the col-  
ored man was not up, as usual, at  
breakfast. The son was sent to call  
him; but Caesar said they might not  
wait for him, as he did not wish for  
any breakfast.

"Why, Caesar," said the young man,  
"we shall want you, as soon as the  
dew is off, to help about the hay."

"No," said he, "I cannot work  
any more on the Sabbath; it is not  
right."

"Is not right!" said the other, "is  
it not right to take care of what Provi-  
dence has given us?"

"O, there is no necessity for it,"  
said he, "and 'tis wrong to do it."

"But would you not pull your cow  
or sheep out of a pit on the Sabbath,  
Caesar?"

"No, not if I had been trying all  
the week to shove them in. I would  
let them lie there."

Railroad Sabbath Breaking.—  
James Boorman, Esq., President of the  
Hudson River Railroad Company, has  
resigned his office in consequence of the  
determination of the Directors to run a  
train on Sunday, and has addressed a  
firm remonstrance to the Board. He  
says:

"When engaged in procuring subscrip-  
tions to the stock of this Company at  
the commencement of the enterprise, I  
was in numerous instances asked whether  
there was any reason to hope that the  
road would not be operated on the Sab-  
bath day? Encouraged by the practice  
in this respect then (and yet I believe)  
prevailing in the New England States,  
my invariable reply was,—that I be-  
lieved it would not be, and if it should,  
I should feel bound to retire from the di-  
rection."

The exquisite figure of the transmi-  
gration of the ungodly grub into a  
singing, gorgeous butterfly, is a forth-  
saying and type of our exalted desti-  
ny.

## HOLY LIFE.

The beauty of a holy life consti-  
tutes the most eloquent and effective  
persuasive to religion which one hu-  
man being can address to another.—  
We have many ways of doing good  
to our fellow-creatures; but none so  
efficacious as leading a virtuous, up-  
right, and well ordered life. There  
is an energy of moral suasion in a  
good man's life, passing the highest  
efforts of the orator's genius. The  
seen but silent beauty of holiness  
speaks more eloquently of God and  
duty than the tongues of men and an-  
gels. Let parents remember this.—  
The best inheritance a parent can be-  
queath to a child is a virtuous exam-  
ple, a legacy of hallowed remembrance  
and associations. The beauty of ho-  
liness beaming through the life of a  
loved relative or friend, is more ef-  
fectual to strengthen such as do stand  
in virtue's ways, and raise up those  
that are bowed down, than precept,  
command, entreaty or warning.—  
Christianity, itself, I believe, owes by  
far the greater part of its moral pow-  
er, not to the precepts or parables of  
Christ, but to his own character.—  
The beauty of that holiness which is  
enshrined in the four brief biographies  
of the Man of Nazareth, has done  
more, and will do more, to regenerate  
the world and bring everlasting right-  
eousness, than all the other agencies  
put together. It has done more to  
spread his religion in the world than  
all that has ever been preached or  
written on the evidences of Christi-  
anity.

CHALMERS.

ON ATHEISM.—"I had rather," says  
Sir Francis Bacon, "believe all the  
fables in the Talmud and the Koran,  
than that this universal frame is with-  
out a mind. God never wrought mir-  
acles to convince atheists, because his  
ordinary works are sufficient to con-  
vince them. It is true that a little  
philosophy inclineth men's minds to  
atheism, but depth in philosophy  
bringeth them back to religion; for  
while the mind of man looketh upon  
second causes scattered, it may some-  
times rest on them and go no further,  
but when it beholdeth the chain of  
them confederate and linked together,  
it must needs fly to Providence and  
Deity."

MASON'S REPLY TO A SCORFER.—To  
a young infidel who was scoffing at  
Christianity because of the miscon-  
duct of its professors, the late Dr.  
Mason once said: "Did you ever  
know an upstart to be made because  
an infidel went astray from the path  
of morality?" The infidel admitted  
that he had not. "Then don't you  
see," said Dr. M., "that, by expect-  
ing professors of Christianity to be  
holy, you admit it to be a holy reli-  
gion, and thus pay it the highest com-  
pliment in your power?" The young  
man of course had no reply to make.

Now.—'Now' is the constant syn-  
able ticking from the clock of time.—  
'Now' is the watchword of the wise.  
'Now' is on the banner of the prudent.  
Let us keep this little word al-  
ways in our mind; and whenever  
anything presents itself to us in the  
shape of work, whether mental or  
physical, we should do it with all our  
might, remembering that 'Now' is  
the only time for us. It is indeed a  
sorry way to get through the world,  
by putting off till to-morrow, saying,  
'then' I will do it. No! this will  
never answer. 'Now' is ours; 'then'  
may never be.

It is in the very nature of sin to dead-  
en the sensibility of the mind towards  
its wickedness. The first wilful de-  
parture from the path of duty, not only  
makes the second step more easy, but  
also makes us less conscious of it; till, at  
length, the headlong career of wicked-  
ness is run without compunction or re-  
morse.

The sages of ancient Greece and Rome  
derived whatever glimmerings of truth  
they possessed from stray passages of the  
ancient Scriptures.

The surest way of governing, both a  
private family and a kingdom, is for a  
husband and a prince to yield at certain  
times something of their prerogative.

It is always in your power to make  
a friend by smiles—what a folly to  
make enemies by frowns.

A General Indian War Apprehended.—  
A telegraphic dispatch from Washington  
to the N. Y. Express, states that "letters  
from the officers of the United States Ar-  
my on the frontiers of Texas, and in New  
Mexico, to the War Department, says a  
general Indian war is apprehended, and  
they demand that the army be put  
in war condition—with horses, &c.—in  
the quartermaster's department."

A new pass has been discovered from  
Santa Fe to California, through the Rocky  
Mountain range. It was discovered about  
a year ago by Capt. Walker, and he re-  
presents it as being as practicable for horses  
and wagons as the road from Santa Fe to  
Missouri.

## POETRY.

### INQUIRY AND REPLY.

BY CLAUDIA.

"Who are these in bright array?"

Who are these in robes of lightness  
Roaming through the immortal bowers  
With the pure and sparkling brightness  
Of the sunshine over flowers.  
See the fragrant snow-white roses,  
On their pearly brows entwined,  
While each joy a glance discloses,  
Richer than on earth we find!

These were once with us dejected,  
Wandering far from God and love;  
Foes to truth, they truth rejected,  
Careless of the light above!

See how joyously adoring,  
Now they sound their harps of song!  
Bow in matchless grace before him,  
Lowliest of the adoring throng.  
'Neath the throne's intensest splendor  
Why no faith do they disclose?  
Warm in love, serene and tender,  
Pure in truth as falling snows!

Once they sighed in deepest sorrow,  
Burdened by the weight of sin;  
Not a comfort could they borrow  
From the midnight gloom within.  
Thus the secret of their favor;  
When amid their hopeless woe,  
Whispers of a pitying Saviour  
Bade their tear-drops cease to flow;  
Instant with a child's confiding  
In His hand their own they laid,  
Trusting to His faithful guiding,  
Through the sunlight or the shade,  
Whom He leads, He leads to glory!  
Whom He calls with joy reply.  
Murmur, look! the way is before thee,  
Fix on Him thy earnest eye!

### The World is bright before Thee.

BY FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

The world is bright before thee,  
Its summer flowers are thine;  
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee—  
Thy bosom virtues shine;  
And thine the sunbeam given  
To nature's morning hour,  
Pure, warm as when from Heaven  
It burst from Eden's tower.

There is a song of sorrow—  
The death dirge of the gay—  
That tells, ere dawn of morning,  
These charms may fade away;  
The sun's bright beams be shaded,  
That sky be blue no more;  
The summer flower be faded,  
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not, though lonely  
The evening home may be,  
Though beauty's bark can only  
Float on a summer sea;  
Though time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art  
The wild flower wreath of feeling—  
The sunbeam of the heart.

### THE VALE OF AVOCA.

Tune "Indian Captive."

There's not in the wide world a valley so  
sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters  
meet.

Old the lays of feeling and bliss must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my  
heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the  
scene,  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,  
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that the friends, the beloved of my bosom  
were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment  
more dear.

And who felt now the best charms of nature im-  
prove

When they see them reflected from looks that  
we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love  
best.

When the storms that we feel in this cold  
world should cease  
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in  
peace.

The man who was appointed a com-  
mittee to enquire into his own conduct  
has reported in part and asks for pow-  
er to send for persons and papers.—  
He says if he had known how much  
there was to do, he never would have  
undertaken the job.

There was an extensive conflagra-  
tion in Savannah, Georgia, on the 3d  
inst. Seventy houses were destroyed,  
the loss of which is estimated at \$75,  
000 to \$100,000.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Presbyterian Herald.

### "ILL-GOTTEN GAIN WILL NOT LAST."

I recollect when a child, my father  
would frequently say, when speaking  
of those who became suddenly rich,  
"Ill-gotten gain will not last." This  
made a deep impression on my mind,  
and whenever I have seen men accu-  
mulating property by gambling, lot-  
teries, or fraud of any kind, the pro-  
verb rushed upon my mind, "Ill-got-  
ten gain will not last."

Thirty years ago Mr. W— was  
considered the richest man in Jeffer-  
son county, New York, and he was a  
great gambler, and it was said that he  
obtained the most of his money by  
gambling. He built a splendid man-  
sion of hewn limestone, the most  
costly in Sackett's Harbor, and he  
lived in princely style.

On my return to my native land, I  
felt curious to know what had become  
of —, and, on enquiry, learned that  
he was dead.

Did he die rich? I enquired.

"No he became insolvent."

Who owns the splendid mansion?

"It was sold under the hammer."

Where is his widow?

"Supported by charity, a poor dis-  
consolate creature."

His children, where are they?

"Do not know; the boys became  
profligate vagabonds, and the last that  
was heard of them they were on the  
jakes and the western waters, the  
lowest gamblers."

On visiting Watertown, the county-  
seat, a striking contrast came to my  
recollection. That lovely site that  
overlooks the town, the house half  
concealed by the shady grove, where  
the sweet warblers vie with each  
other in their ever-varying notes—the  
gravel walks bordered by beautiful  
flowers, filling the air with sweet per-  
fume—entered by a white gate, over-  
hung by honey-suckle, attracting the  
humming-bird—a garden laid out in  
the most tasteful style, at the same  
time affording the richest variety of  
vegetables—an orchard containing  
the most delicious fruit. This Eden  
was owned by M'W—, paymaster  
to the United States army. This man  
stood high in public estimation.  
He had two lovely daughters, the pride  
of the village. Nothing seemed to  
be wanting to make this home a pa-  
radise.

On his way to the army with a large  
amount of money to pay the soldiers,  
he was robbed of \$20,000, all except  
a few thousand dollars he had con-  
cealed about his person. He was  
shot, slightly wounded, tied to a tree,  
and the robbers had fled. Efforts  
were made to find the robbers, but all  
in vain. The men who were his se-  
curity, suspected that there might be  
some foul play on the part of M'W—;  
they decamped him into the woods, and  
there told him he had the money, and  
if he did not confess it, they had de-  
termined to drown him—that if they  
had the money to pay they would be  
ruined, and they would run the risk  
of being detected. He denied having  
the money and they threw him into  
the creek, and held him till life was  
nearly extinct, and then pulled him  
out and asked him where the money  
was. He still persisted in his inno-  
cence. They put him in again, hold-  
ing him under the water a little longer.  
He was asked again, and again  
protested he knew not where the mo-  
ney was. "Come," said one of the  
men in a bold tone, "let us despatch  
him at once; we will be discovered if  
we daily along," at the same time  
seizing him roughly to throw him in.

"Stop, gentlemen," said M'W—,  
"I will tell you—my wife has got the  
money. She took it and would not  
give it up, and I had to resort to this  
stratagem to prevent detection."

They called the physician they had  
concealed behind a tree, lest they  
should go so far in their hydropathic  
experiment as to need counsel. Two  
of them kept him in custody, while  
the others hastened to the house—  
They found Mrs. M'W— locked in  
her room. Without ceremony they  
broke open the door—found her upon  
her bed pretending to be sick. Being  
requested rather unceremoniously, she  
arose and they found the money quib-  
bled into a pair of drawers nearly fi-  
nished, to be worn by herself, concealed  
between the beds. This was too  
much for the proud spirit of Mrs.  
M'W—, to lose the money and her  
character too. The next morning she  
was seen floating down the Black Riv-  
er. She had drowned herself.

In the same place lived Mr. B—,  
a member of the Church, and a con-  
sistent Christian. He was first and  
foremost in every good word and work.  
He was an enterprising man, and  
had erected a large manufacturing  
establishment. He built an excellent  
church at his own expense, to accom-  
modate the operatives and the poor

in the neighborhood. His manufac-  
tory was burned down, and he lost all  
his property, except that which he had  
given away. There stands the church  
still a monument of his munificence,  
and a blessing to hundreds. And so  
strictly honest was he, and so honora-  
ble in his dealings, that on going to  
the West, his creditors were willing  
to start him again in a prosperous busi-  
ness.

Here were two individuals similar  
in many respects, but a perfect con-  
trast in others. In the commence-  
ment of their career they were both  
wealthy—both respectable, and moved  
in the first circle of society—both en-  
terprising, and both lost their prop-  
erty. But here the parallel ends, and a  
contrast commences. The one was  
pious, and spent his leisure hours at  
the theatre and parties of pleasure.—  
The one was governed by benevolent  
motives, the other was supremely sel-  
fish. The one lost his property by the  
providence of God, the other by his  
own folly. The one rises again, the  
other sinks to oblivion. The one is  
remembered as the benefactor of  
the poor, and many blessings are heap-  
ed upon him; the name of the other is  
only mentioned to deprecate.

The inspired writer has truly ob-  
served, "The memory of the just is  
blessed; but the name of the wicked  
shall rot."

### How to detect Counterfeit Notes.

1. Examine the appearance of the  
bill, the genuine have a general dark,  
neat appearance.

2. Examine the vignette, or picture  
in the middle of the top; see if the  
sky or back ground looks clear and  
transparent, or soft and even, and not  
scratchy.

3. Examine well the faces, see if  
the expressions are distinct, easy, nat-  
ural, and life-like. Particularly the  
eyes.

4. See if the drapery or dress fits  
well, looks natural and easy, and  
shows distinctly.

5. Examine the medallion, ruling  
and heads, and circular ornaments  
around the figures, &c., see if they  
are regular, uniform, and not scratchy.  
This work in the genuine looks as if  
raised on the paper, and cannot be  
perfectly imitated.

6. Examine the principle line of  
letters or name of the Bank, see if  
they are all upright, perfectly true  
and even; or if sloping, of a uniform  
slope.

7. Carefully examine the shade or  
parallel ruling on the face or outside  
of the letters, &c.; see if it is clear  
and looks as if colored with a brush.  
The fine and parallel lines in the gen-  
uine are of equal size, smooth and  
even. Counterfeits look as if done  
with a file.

8. Observe the round hand writing  
engraved on the bill, which should be  
black, equal in size and distance, of a  
uniform slope, and smooth. This is,  
in genuine notes, invariably well done,  
and looks very perfect. In counter-  
feits it is seldom so, but often looks  
stiff, as if done with a pen.

9. Notice imprint or engraver's  
name, which is always near the bor-  
der or end of the note, and is always  
alike; letters small, upright, and en-  
graved very perfectly. Counterfeits  
seldom do it so well.

NOTE.—It was remarked by Ste-  
phen Burrows, before he died, that  
two things could not be perfectly  
counterfeited, one was the dyn work  
or portrait, medallion heads, vignette,  
&c., and the other the shading or rul-  
ing above the letters.—Bank Note  
Reporter.

Missionary Collections among South-  
ern Methodists.—From the late report  
of the Missionary Society of the Meth-  
odist Church, South, we learn that their  
collections.

May 1, 1846, amounted to	63,329
" 1847, " <td>63,613</td>	63,613
" 1848, " <td>62,613</td>	62,613
" 1849, " <td>65,495</td>	65,495
" 1850, " <td>85,973</td>	85,973
" 1851, " <td>113,801</td>	113,801
" 1852, about <td>120,000</td>	120,000

Making the aggregate of missionary  
collections, for the eight years of sepa-  
rate organization, in the Methodist Ep-  
iscopal Church, South, five hundred  
and ninety thousand and twenty-four  
dollars. The last year it will be seen,  
is nearly double that of the first.

At a recent meeting of the Virginia  
Whig State Central Committee, John M-  
nor Botta and William Ballard Preston  
were appointed Electors for the State at  
large—the former in place of James Ly-  
ons, resigned, and the latter in the place  
of George W. Summers, elected Judge.  
The vacancies in the Electoral ticket were  
also filled, by appointing Edward R. Cham-  
bers, of Mecklenburg, in the 2nd district,  
and Robert Mayo, of Westmoreland, in  
the 5th.

Good and bad qualities are to be found  
in every one's composition; but search-  
ing for the latter among your neighbors,  
is a business that pays poorly.

### Anecdote of Rev. Zeb Twitchell.

A friend in Stockbridge (Mass.) sends  
us following anecdote of Rev. Zeb  
Twitchell, a Methodist clergyman in  
full and regular standing, and a mem-  
ber of the Vermont Conference. At  
one time he represented Stockbridge in  
the State Legislature.

'Zeb' says our informant, 'is a man  
of fair talents, both as a preacher and a  
musician. In the pulpit he is grave,  
solemn, dignified—a thorough, system-  
atic sermonizer; but out of the pulpit,  
there is no man living who is more full  
of fun and drollery.—On one oc-  
casion, he was wending his way toward  
the seat of the annual Conference of  
ministers, in company with another  
clergyman. Passing a country inn, he  
remarked to his companion:

"The last time I stopped at that tavern  
I slept with the landlord's wife."

In utter amazement, his clerical friend  
wanted to know what he meant.

"I mean just what I say," replied Zeb;  
and on went the two travellers in un-  
broken silence, until they reached the  
place where Conference met. In the  
early part of the session the Con-  
ference sat with closed doors, especial-  
ly to the annual examination of each  
member's private character, or rather  
conduct during the past year. For  
this purpose, the clerk called the roll,  
as was the custom, and due course  
Zeb's name was called.

"Does any one know aught against the  
conduct of brother Twitchell during the  
past year?" asked the Bishop, who was  
the presiding officer.

After a moment's silence, Zeb's trav-  
elling companion arose from his seat,  
and, with a heavy heart, and grave, de-  
mure countenance, said he felt that he  
had a duty to perform; one that he owed  
to God, to the church, and to himself,  
he must therefore discharge it fearlessly,  
though with trembling. He then re-  
lated what Zeb had told him while pass-